A POWER COMIC

2ND WEEK OF OUR GREAT MODEL CAR COMPETITION

POW! and WHAM!

No. 86
7th SEPT. 1968
EVERY MONDAY 7d.

THE STAR SHOT!

THIS PLAYER HAD STAR QUALITY—HE WAS BARNEY'S GREATEST DISCOVERY—BUT JUST HOW GREAT BARNEY COULDN'T BE EXPECTED TO GUESS!

BARNEY WATCHED FOR TEN MINUTES THEN DASHED TO A PHONE TO CALL THE MANAGER OF GRANTHAM UNITED...

CONTINUED OVER →

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THE MANAGER ARRIVED AT THE MATCH...
WELL, HE CAN CERTAINLY CONTROL A BALL, BARNEY! THERE'S ONLY HALF A DOZEN PLAYERS I KNOW WHO CAN KILL A BALL LIKE THAT!

THE PLAYER THEY HAD COME TO WATCH SET OFF ON A DAZZLING RUN, SWERVING PAST EVERY TACKLE, AVOIDING EVERY DESPERATE LUNGE...
EVEN CHARLIE COOKE CAN'T DRIBBLE BETTER THAN THAT!
WAIT TILL YOU SEE HIM SHOOT—HE HITS IT HARDER THAN BOBBY CHARLTON!

WOW! WHAT DID I TELL YOU? HE'S BURST THE NET!

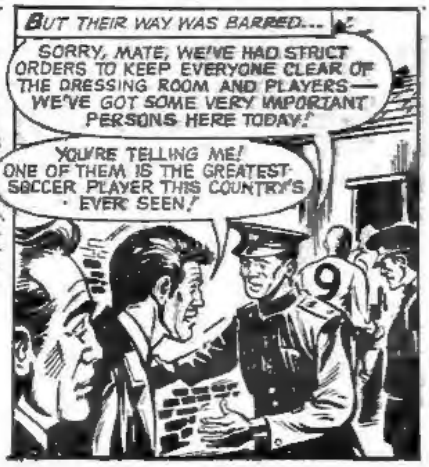
THE HALF-TIME WHISTLE BLEW...
COME ON, BOSS, LET'S GO AND HAVE A CHAT WITH HIM AND SEE IF WE CAN SIGN HIM ON.
WAIT A MINUTE—HE'S CHANGING HIS SHIRT! HE'S GOING TO PLAY FOR THE PRISONERS!

EXCUSE ME, BUT THAT BLOND CENTRE FORWARD PLAYING FOR THE WHITES—IS HE A PRISONER OR A GUARD?
SORRY, SIR! I CAN'T ANSWER QUESTIONS ABOUT ANYBODY! SECURITY WON'T ALLOW IT!

THIS BOY'S GOT EVERYTHING! IF HE TURNS OUT TO BE A PRISONER... I'LL... I'LL...
TAKE IT EASY, BOSS. WE'LL FIND OUT AS SOON AS HE CHANGES WHEN THE GAME IS OVER.

THE STRAIN WAS PROVING TOO MUCH FOR THE MANAGER...
LOOK AT THE WAY HE'S JUGGLING THE BALL! HE'D FETCH TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS ON THE TRANSFER MARKET! WE'VE GOT TO SIGN HIM! HE'S GOT TO BE A GUARD!

THE MINUTES TICKED BY. THEN...
SEE THE WAY HE DID THAT—ON THE RUN!... AND THERE GOES THE FINAL WHISTLE!
LET'S GET HIM FAST!


BUT THEIR WAY WAS BARRED...
SORRY, MATE, WE'VE HAD STRICT ORDERS TO KEEP EVERYONE CLEAR OF THE DRESSING ROOM AND PLAYERS—WE'VE GOT SOME VERY IMPORTANT PERSONS HERE TODAY!
YOU'RE TELLING ME! ONE OF THEM IS THE GREATEST SOCCER PLAYER THIS COUNTRY'S EVER SEEN!

BARNEY AND HIS BOSS FRETTED IMPATIENTLY AS THE PLAYERS CHANGED. SUDDENLY, A NEW ARRIVAL APPEARED ON THE SCENE...
I'M MILLIGAN FROM THE DAILY GLOBE. I'VE JUST HEARD ABOUT THE MATCH. CAN I HAVE A WORD WITH...?
SORRY, MR. MILLIGAN. NO REPORTERS—AND THAT COMES FROM THE VERY HIGHEST AUTHORITY! IT'S GRADE-ONE SECURITY!

Dear Alf and Bart,

I live in Spain, in a city called Alicante. I used to live in Madrid, where I got my comic books at the Air Force Post Exchange (PX), but having moved I am no longer able to do this. As the only comic books are in Spanish, I wanted a magazine in English. When I came across Pow, I knew luck was with me. Pow is more than a comic book, it is a work of art! Keep up the fine work.

Tom King,
Alicante, Spain.

Thanks for the compliment, Tom! 'Course we always knew Pow was something of a masterpiece! Comics aren't just funny pictures you know—more a way of life . . . and what a way of life! K-r-r-r-azy!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I think Pow is fab and I don't think you could make a better comic if you tried, but there are a few things that puzzle me. For instance, in Pow 77, Spidey fell off a lorry, though a minute later he was gripping on to a vertical wall. Why couldn't he grip on to the lorry?

Paul Harris,
Thirsk, Yorks.

★ ★ ★

Well, we think the answer is that Spidey was off-balance on top of the van, fighting the crooks, and also it swerved suddenly and sharply, throwing him off. He can cling to almost anything but even Spidey can be taken by surprise now and then! He is human, isn't he?

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

A letter of praise about Pow. The short story in Pow 78 called The Revenge of the Wax People was the best short 'un I have read for ages. Of course, there is praise for Spidey; I think he gets better every week. The F.F. remains fantastic, and a special big thank you to Mike Higgs (alias Mik) for bringing us the big-eyed chappie called Cloak every week. In all Pow is the greatest comic being sold at this moment.

Peter Hindhaugh,
Middlesbrough.

P.S. Please could you print a short story about speedway racing?

Speedway, h'm? Now there's an idea we haven't tried before. And when people are so kind and complimentary and all, seems we ought to pay some attention to the suggestions they offer. We'll certainly think it over, Peter—so face front, tiger, and may your antennae never grow less! Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I'm making a comic called Comet. It has the Diving Group, the Sky Gladiators, the Space Pioneers, Geronimo, the Powder Man, Amphibio and the Guardian. I have made other heroes too. 'Nuff said!

Geoffrey Willmets,
Bridgwater,
Somerset.

Isn't it terrible? With all these talented lads turning out their own comics, we could be out of a job! Seriously, though, we like to hear of readers producing their own amateur papers; it's the answer to those gloomy grown-ups who think that reading comics makes kids apathetic and passive and all that! All power to your fibro-pen, frantic one!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I would like to ask a favour. My brother is one of your greatest fans, and he has just been released from hospital, after nine months. All the time he has not complained. He has been very brave, as brave as Spider-Man even. I would be eternally grateful if you would print something to him in your letters section. His name is Robert; he is 14. Lately I myself have been reading Pow and now both my brother and I rate you as the top comic.

David Vincent,
Sheffield.

Happy to oblige—we hope you're completely recovered from whatever laid you low, Robert—and if your brother says you were brave, we're sure you were. It's easier to be brave when you're a super-hero than when you're just an ordinary boy—and it's darn hard to sit tight, stay cool, hang loose, keep smiling and face front—when you can't even get out of bed! Our best wishes to you and your brother—don't fight over the T-shirt, now!

Alf and Bart.

This rare FIVE POUNDS orange stamp, Britain's highest-ever value, issued 1882, is worth £250 unused. Few collectors will ever afford—or even see—an original of it! We will send you FREE this beautiful facsimile of this classic rarity—to be the gem of your collection! Plus 10 other Great Britain special issues. All absolutely free. Just ask to see our Special Approvals (you are not compelled to buy a thing!), enclosed 4d. for our postage, and please tell your parents you are writing.

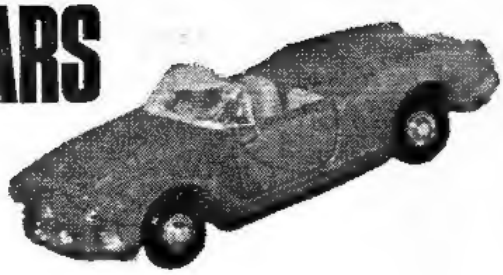
UNIVERSAL STAMP COMPANY
(Dept. P.51)
Eastrington, Goole, Yorkshire.

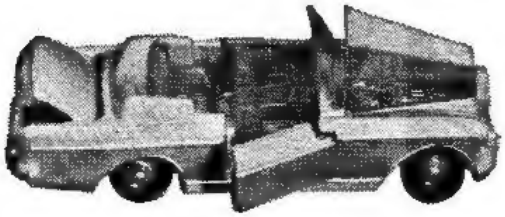
1. What country has "MAGYAR POSTA" on its stamps? .....
2. Name any person (other than Royalty) who has appeared on British stamps. .....
3. What is meant by a "MINT" stamp? .....
4. What is the former name of "GHANA"? .....

PRIZES: — 3 stamps catalogued over 10/- FREE for each correct answer. Special packet of 12 stamps CATALOGUED OVER 50/- free for all 4 correct answers. Our superb Bargain Approvals will also be sent to all entrants. (Please tell your parents).

UNIVERSAL STAMP COMPANY
(Dept. P.50)
Eastrington, Goole, Yorkshire.

36 fleets of IMPY SUPER CARS to be won—*FREE!*





48 Rolls Royce 'Silver Clouds' for Runners-up!

LAST week we told you of the super prizes to be won in this free competition—36 special gift packs containing 12 scale models of world-famous cars, in the Impy Super Car range by Lone Star Products . . . not to mention 48 Impy model Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud III for runners-up.

. If you collect model cars you *must* have these in your collection: if you're not a collector, one of our sets is a super way to start this fascinating hobby!

HOW TO ENTER

First, transfer the answers to last week's questions to your free entry coupon, writing them in the blank spaces in the column headed "LAST WEEK".

Next, answer this week's questions and write the answers in the column headed "THIS WEEK". Here are the questions.

Listed on your entry coupon are four more cars from our prize sets. What are the capitals of the countries in which the cars are made? The capitals are all among those listed—simply write the reference number of the city in the blank space against its car.

Ref. No.

1. BONN	5. PARIS
2. LONDON	6. ROME
3. MOSCOW	7. STOCKHOLM
4. OSLO	8. WASHINGTON

Finally, make up a last line for the following unfinished limerick, and write this in the space provided on your coupon:

A crazy inventor, McPhee,
Built his own car in Dundee.
The wheels were all square
Filled with sawdust, not air

.....

Don't forget to add your age and your name and address in block letters, then post your entry in a sealed envelope (4d postage) to MODEL CAR COMPETITION, **POW**, 96 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.99, to arrive by not later than next MONDAY, 9th SEPTEMBER.

RULES

All entries will be examined, and the prizes awarded to the readers who have correctly answered the nine questions and who are judged to have submitted the most apt, original and funniest last lines for the limerick—with age being taken into consideration.

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. and Eire, other than children of employees of the proprietors of **POW**. Only one entry per reader is allowed. Entry is free.

The Editor's decision is final in all matters relating to the competition, and no correspondence will be entered into. The result will be published in **POW**.

Cut around the broken line

FANTASTIC "MODEL CAR COMPETITION" FREE ENTRY COUPON

Write the reference numbers of your answers in the blank spaces below—each against the car to which it applies

LAST WEEK		THIS WEEK	
Fiat 2300S		Rolls Royce Silver Cloud III	
Peugeot 404		Alfa Romeo Guilia 1600 Spider	
Volvo 1800S		Chrysler Imperial Hardtop (Police car)	
Jaguar Mk X		Volkswagen Microbus	
Mercedes-Benz 220SE			

My last line for the limerick is:

AGE..... NAME.....
(Block letters)

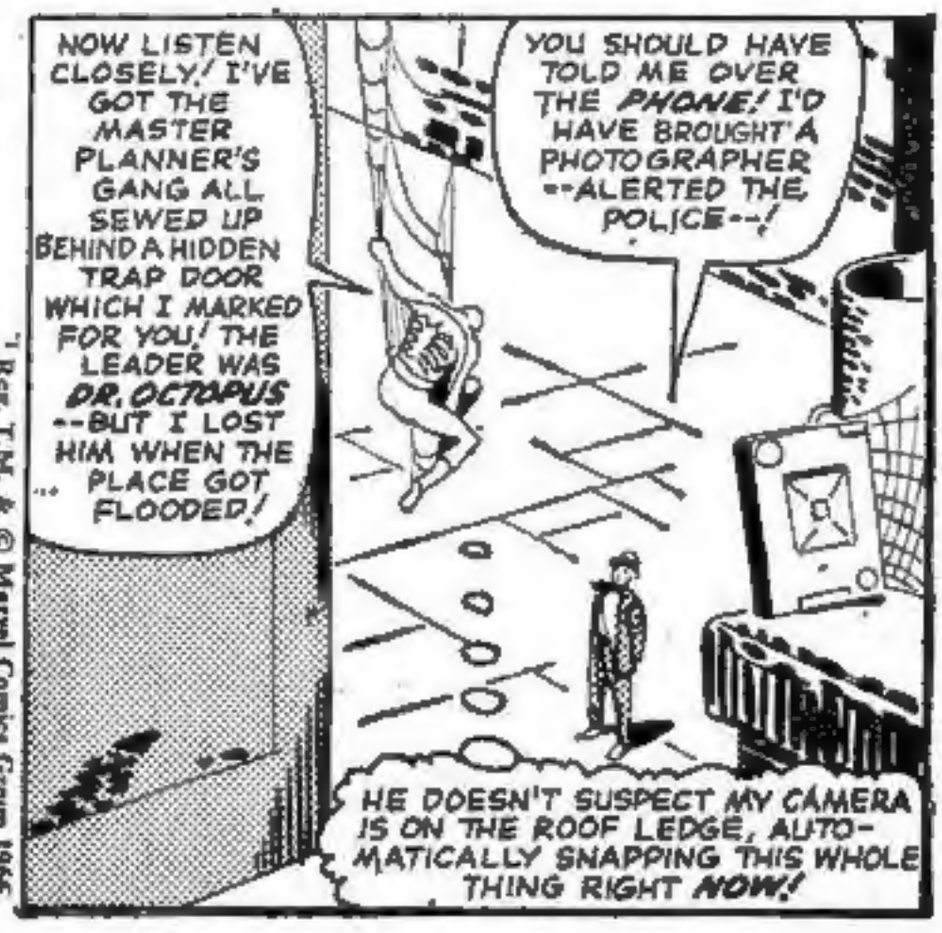
ADDRESS .....
(Block letters)

Post your entry to: MODEL CAR COMPETITION, POW, 96 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.99. Closing date is September 9.

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

THE FINAL CHAPTER!

SPIDEY HAS OBTAINED THE SERUM FOR AUNT MAY: NOW HE CAN ONLY WAIT TO SEE IF IT WORKS! MEANWHILE, HE HAS SOME LOOSE ENDS TO TIDY UP—HE RETURNS TO THE PLACE WHERE HE LEFT DOC OCK'S THUGS LYING UNCONSCIOUS...



TM, Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

NO NEED TO ALERT THE POLICE -- I'VE ALREADY CALLED THEM! WELL, YOU WON'T NEED ME ANY MORE! THE STORY IS ALL YOURS!
WHEEEEEEEEE
I'LL DOUBLE BACK TO THE ROOF ACROSS THE WAY, AND MAKE SURE I DON'T MISS ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS NEXT!

THERE THEY ARE -- LIKE CONTRITE LITTLE SCHOOL-BOYS WHO GOT CAUGHT WITH THEIR HANDS IN THE COOKIE JAR!
KEEP WALKING! DON'T BE SHY! WE'VE GOT ROOM IN THE PADDY WAGON FOR ALL OF YOU!

THIS IS PERFECT! THEY'RE MAKING THEM UNMASK -- AND MY TRUSTY LITTLE SNOOPER-SCOPE AND I HAVE A RINGSIDE SEAT!
HOOO, BOY! THERE'LL BE A LOT OF BARE POST OFFICE WALLS WHEN THOSE CHARACTERS GET TAKEN OUT OF CIRCULATION!
IT'LL BE LIKE OLD HOME WEEK AT THE JAIL WHEN YOU CUT-UPS COME MARCHING IN!

WE'LL HAVE TO DISPATCH A DIVER DOWN BELOW TO SEE IF THERE'S ANY TRACE OF DR. OCTOPUS!
IF HE'S ANYWHERE IN THE VICINITY, WE'LL FIND HIM, CHARLIE! BUT, MY GUESS IS THAT HE'S MILES FROM HERE BY NOW!
THAT IS, IF HE SURVIVED THE CAVE-IN!

THAT'S THAT! THIS SQUARES ME WITH FOSWELL! AND IT MAKES UP FOR MY SUSPECTING HIM OF BEING THE CRIME-MASTER*!
NOW TO GET THESE PIX TO JAMESON -- ON THE DOUBLE!
* AS WE SAW A FEW ISSUES AGO -- EDIT.

SECONDS LATER, THERE'S FRANTIC JUBILATION IN THE NEWS ROOM OF THE DAILY BUGLE....
THE MASTER PLANNER GANG CAPTURED -- THE IDENTITY OF THE LEADER REVEALED -- AND MY PAPER HAS THE STORY FIRST!
THAT'S GREAT, FOSWELL! I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT!
BETTER NOT PRAISE HIM TOO MUCH -- HE'S LIABLE TO HIT ME FOR A RAISE!
BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE GOT SOME PICTURES! IF ONLY WE HAD PHOTOS!

AND, SPEAKING OF PHOTOS...
HE MUST HAVE THE STORY BY NOW! HE'LL BE HUNGRY FOR MY PHOTOS!
DARN LEG IS STILL ACHING! I OUGHT TO STAY OFF IT!

OH! THERE'S PETER! I'VE BEEN MOPING TO -- BUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIS LEG?! HE'S BEEN HURT!

PETER! PETER -- WAIT! IT'S ME -- BETTY! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU....
OH NO! NOT NOW! I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO FACE HER NOW!

PETER! YOUR FACE! WHAT HAPPENED TO IT??
NOTHING MUCH! I JUST HAD A TOUGH TIME GETTING A NEW SET OF NEWS PHOTOS FOR JAMESON!
SOMETIMES A GUY'S LUCK JUST RUNS OUT!

BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO MAKE A BIG THING OUT OF IT! SELLING PHOTOS IS IMPORTANT TO ME -- I NEED THE EXTRA MONEY! AND, IF I HAVE TO GET SLAPPED-AROUND ONCE IN A WHILE, IT'S PART OF THE JOB!
I'M NOT COMPLAINING! AND I'M NOT QUITTING MY WORK, EITHER!

HEARING PETER'S GRIMLY-SPOKEN WORDS HAS A DRAMATIC EFFECT ON BETTY BRANT... AN EFFECT HE KNEW IT WOULD HAVE! HER MIND RACES BACK TO HER BROTHER— THE BROTHER WHOM SHE LOVED, BUT LOST--BECAUSE HE TOO WOULDN'T GIVE UP THE DANGEROUS LIFE HE WANTED TO LEAD!

ONCE BEFORE I LOST SOMEONE--SOMEONE WHO MEANT THE WORLD TO ME--BECAUSE HE WANTED TO LIVE DANGEROUSLY!

I COULDN'T BEAR THAT HEART-BREAK AGAIN! I COULDN'T BEAR TO LOSE ANOTHER! IT'S TOO MUCH TO ASK--TOO MUCH FOR A GIRL TO HAVE TO ENDURE!

PETER! PETER! WHY DO YOU HAVE THAT STUBBORN STREAK?? WHY CAN'T YOU STICK TO YOUR STUDIES? WHY MUST YOU ALWAYS CRAVE ACTION??

NOW, MORE THAN EVER, I REALIZE I'M NO GOOD FOR BETTY--I NEVER WILL BE! IF SHE FEELS THIS WAY ABOUT PETER PARKER--HOW WOULD SHE REACT IF SHE LEARNED ABOUT SPIDER-MAN?!!

NOW LISTEN, FOSWELL... STAY AT HEADQUARTERS IN CASE ANYTHING ELSE BREAKS! THIS IS THE SCOOP OF THE YEAR, AND I WANT TO MILK IT FOR ALL IT'S WORTH!

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, PARKER? YOU LOOK LIKE SOMETHING THE CAT DRAGGED IN!

I'M NOT HERE TO ENTER A BEAUTY CONTEST, MISTER JAMESON! I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU!

WELL? WHAT DO YOU EXPECT--A BRASS BAND? LET'S SEE!

I'LL CALL YOU LATER, FOSWELL!

MAYBE YOU WOULDN'T BE INTERESTED IN THESE PIX--THEY'RE ONLY A COMPLETE SERIES SHOWING THE ENTIRE CAPTURE OF THE MASTER PLANNER'S GANG!

PLUS, SOME SHOTS I MANAGED TO GET OF SPIDER-MAN ON THE SCENE!

IT'S TRUE, THEN! THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, MY BOY! GIVE THEM TO ME! THERE'S STILL TIME TO MAKE THE FRONT PAGE! EVERY SECOND COUNTS! LET ME HAVE THEM!

WHOA! WE HAVEN'T AGREED ON A PRICE YET!

WE CAN SETTLE YOUR PAYMENT LATER! YOU KNOW HOW GENEROUS I AM!

YEP! THAT'S WHY WE'LL SETTLE IT NOW!

I'VE GOT TO COLLECT ENOUGH TO PAY AUNT MAY'S MEDICAL EXPENSES--AND TO GET MY MICROSCOPE AND OTHER EQUIPMENT OUT OF HOCK!

I WANT A HUNDRED DOLLARS EACH--OR I'LL PEDDLE THEM ELSEWHERE!

IT'S HIGHWAY ROBBERY! YOU'RE TAKING ADVANTAGE OF MY WARM HEART--MY GENEROSITY!

HE DOESN'T REALIZE THEY'RE WORTH TWICE AS MUCH!

BUT I'LL TAKE THEM--JUST BECAUSE I LIKE YOU!

OKAY THEN, KEEP LIKING ME ENOUGH TO GIVE ME A CHEQUE RIGHT NOW--'CAUSE I CAN USE THE DOUGH!

WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO PARKER? HE USED TO BE A REAL LITTLE MILK-TOAST! WHO WISED HIM UP?

HERE'S YOUR CHEQUE. I'LL PROBABLY GO BROKE THROWING AWAY MY MONEY SO CARELESSLY!

COME OFF IT, J.J.! COMPARED TO YOU, EVEN SCROOGE WAS A RECKLESS, DEVIL-MAY-CARE SPENDTHRIFT!

SHORTLY THEREAFTER, AT THE HOSPITAL...

IT'S TIME FOR THE DECISION ABOUT AUNT MAY NOW!

I-I'M ALMOST AFRAID TO FIND OUT! BUT I MUST!

UHHH--MY LEG! IT'S ACHING MORE THAN EVER NOW!

BUT THIS IS NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THAT!

PARKER!

TELL ME, DOC--WHAT ABOUT MY AUNT? ARE THE TESTS COMPLETED? IS SHE--IS SHE--??

WE'LL KNOW IN A FEW MINUTES, SON! THE LAST CHECK IS BEING MADE RIGHT NOW!

BUT, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? YOU'D BETTER LET ME LOOK AT YOU!

I'M OKAY, DOC! I JUST MIXED IT UP WITH A FEW OTHER FELLAS, THAT'S ALL! NOTHING WORTH MENTIONING!
WHY NOT LET ME BE THE JUDGE OF THAT? JUST OPEN YOUR SHIRT, PARKER, AND I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT YOU!
I CAN'T FLATLY REFUSE WITHOUT AROUSING HIS SUSPICIONS!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
YOU SEEM SOUND ENOUGH, BUT YOU'RE ON THE VERGE OF COMPLETE EXHAUSTION! YOU SHOULD BE IN BED!
I AM PRETTY TIRED, DOC--BUT I'VE JUST GOT TO FIND OUT ABOUT AUNT MAY, FIRST!
LUCKY FOR ME HE DIDN'T WANT TO CHECK MY BLOOD!

HERE, DRINK THIS, SON! IT'LL RELAX YOU A BIT--AND REMEMBER--GET SOME REST AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!
DOC, ONCE I LEAVE HERE, NOBODY'LL HAVE TO TELL ME TWICE!

DOCTOR--WE HAVE THE FINAL SERIES OF TEST RESULTS ON MAY PARKER! WILL YOU LOOK AT THEM NOW?
OF COURSE! COME WITH ME, MY BOY!
THIS IS IT!

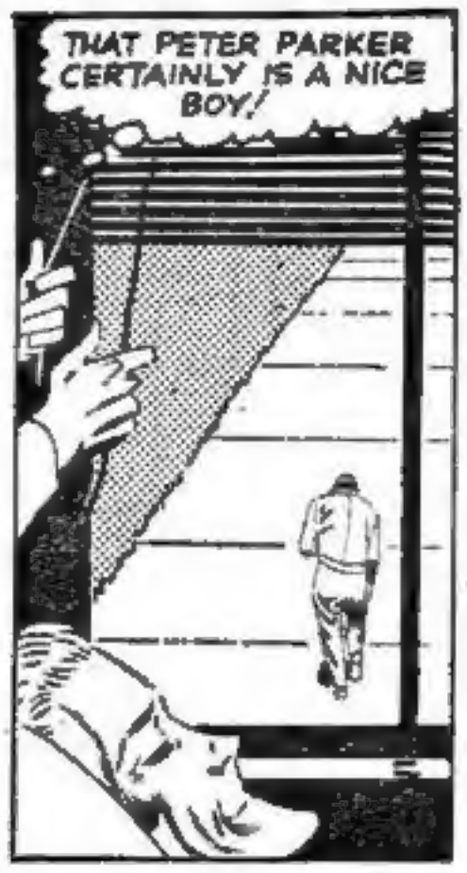
GOOD NEWS! THE SERUM HAS STOPPED THE BLOOD DETERIORATION! THE REPORTS ARE FAVOURABLE!
WITH LUCK, WE EXPECT HER TO PULL THROUGH!

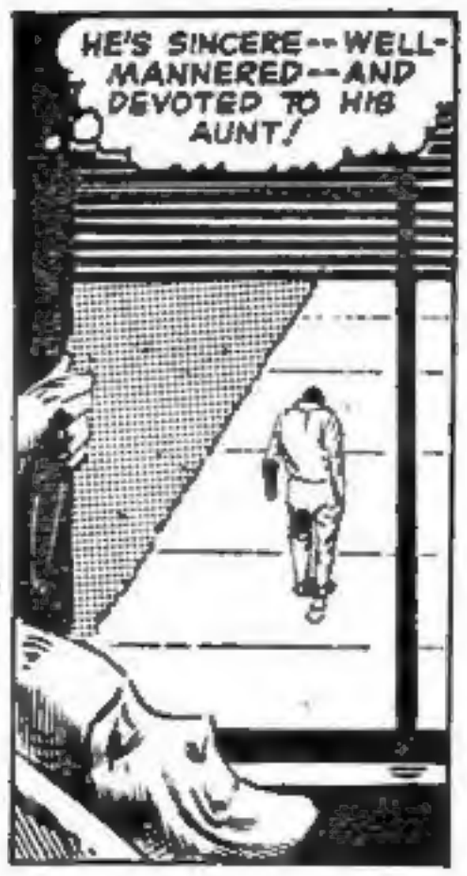
I DIDN'T LET YOU DOWN THIS TIME, AUNT MAY! I DIDN'T FAIL YOU!

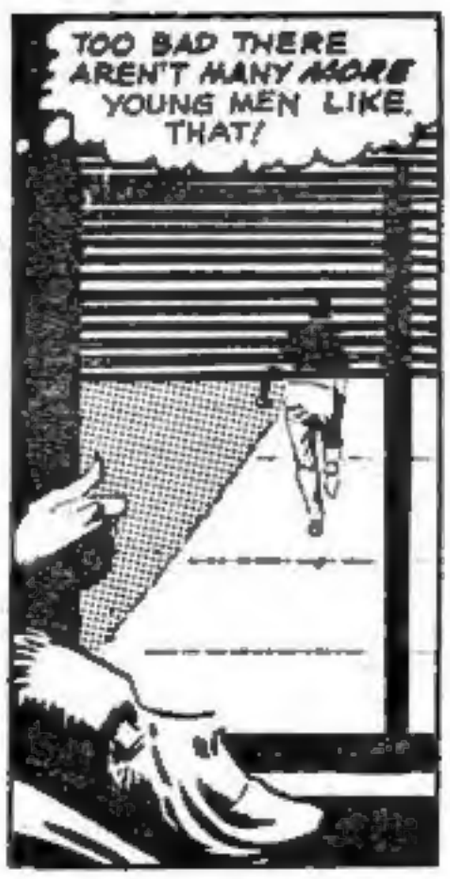
SHE'S MOVING!
PETER...

IT'S ALL RIGHT, AUNT MAY! YOU'RE GOING TO BE WELL AGAIN! EVERYTHING IS FINE!
PETER...

SHE DROPPED OFF TO SLEEP AGAIN! SHE'S RESTING MUCH EASIER NOW! THE CRISIS HAS PASSED!
SHE'D NEVER HAVE MADE IT, IF NOT FOR THAT SERUM WHICH SPIDER-MAN BROUGHT US!







news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE LONDON W.C.2.

WELL, WE'VE DONE IT AGAIN! Geniused up a great get-together of two Power House greats! POW! and SMASH! Now about to be joined to form the best of two super comics, the best of two wonderful worlds, the best of BOTH for the price of ONE! More about this meritorious merge in our ad spaces, but RIGHT NOW is the time to make sure your newsagent reserves YOU a copy of next week's great, great, great SMASH and POW!

AND THERE'S A GREAT EVENT going to take place in the new SMASH and POW next week! BATMAN, one of the all-time greats of comicdom will be joined by an equally illustrious hero . . . none other than SUPERMAN! And SUPERMAN and BATMAN (and ROBIN of course) will be joined by the truly titantic AQUAMAN!

How's THAT for big, big, BIG news?!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

R. Bale, Romford, Essex; Paul Brennan, Leeds, Yorks.; John Lynch, Islington, London; Ian Murray, Tooting, London; Linda Randall, Southport, Lancs.; Roger Merchant, Woodland, Devon; Paul Abbot, Birmingham; Ricky Husseiny, Broadbridge Heath, Sussex; Tim Stevens, Greenford, Middlesex; Ted Washburne, Crowthorne, Berks.; J. D. Barrett, Huddersfield, Yorks.; David Brown, Crawley, Sussex; Brian Ppyntz, Sheffield, Yorks.; Brian Doyle, Melling, Lancs.; David Adams, Newcastle-on-Tyne; George Wyatt, Boreham Wood, Herts.; Peter Bunyan, Maidenhead, Berks.; Alan Squires, Bideford, Devon; Alun John, Port Talbot, S. Wales; Len Hobba, Morley, Western Australia.

AND SPEAKING OF IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS . . . something of tremendous import is about to occur in the X-MEN saga in FANTASTIC! An event of earth-shaking significance for all true fans of our mutant teenage team. We won't tell you WHAT we mean . . . not now! That wouldn't be fair on YOU! Because the tale in which this happening occurs begins *this week!* And we don't want to spoil the suspense . . . of a tale you'll NEVER forget.

Some info we've published before but need to do so again is that to do with our weekly "Meet Twenty Proud Power Packed People" section. WHO are these people, you still ask us? WHY have they been given honoured space in the Pack? The answer's simply this . . . each week we picked out twenty Powerhousers who have written in letters to us. Which is just another reason why you should keep those missives a-comin'. For even if you don't get yourself immortalised in print on the Readers' Letters pages, you COULD discover yourself right there in black and white . . . as a genuine Proud Power Packed Person! Which is what we KNOW you are, anyway!

THE TWO FACES OF JANUS
DOCTOR CHU SUN HAS KIDNAPPED THE PREMIERS OF TEN WORLD POWERS WHO WERE MEETING IN LONDON. REPORTER CLIFF ADAM, WHOSE EVIL FACE OF "JANUS" HAS MADE HIM A HUNTED MAN, PRETENDS TO BE DOCTOR SUN'S ALLY. THEY ARE ON BOARD THE DRAGON-SHAPED AIRSHIP USED FOR THE KIDNAPPING.
HIDDEN INSIDE THIS ARTIFICIAL CLOUD, THE AIRSHIP WILL PROCEED TO THE NORTH SEA AND A WAITING SUBMARINE.
WHERE DO WE GO THEN?
CHU SUN SUDDENLY PRODUCES A GUN. JANUS'S OWN LASER GUN!
WE DO NOT GO ANYWHERE, JANUS! YOU HAVE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE! THE POLICE WILL CONNECT THIS CRIME WITH YOU--AND BY THE TIME THEY REALISE THEIR MISTAKE IT WILL BE TOO LATE!
THIS UNUSUAL GUN I TOOK FROM YOU FASCINATES ME! I HAVE NOT HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO USE IT--UNTIL NOW!
AS CHU SUN'S FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER JANUS KICKS OUT...
FAREWELL, JANUS ...AAAAH!
I DON'T DIE AS EASILY AS THAT, DOCTOR!
CONFUCIUS SAY: HE WHO TALKS TOO MUCH GET ACHING JAW--FROM MY FIST!
BUT THEN...
THE AIRSHIP'S ON FIRE! THE LASER FLAME MUST HAVE HIT ONE OF THE HELIUM TANKS! THERE'S NOT A HOPE OF CONTROLLING IT!
JANUS RACES TO THE COMPARTMENT IN WHICH THE KIDNAPPED PREMIERS ARE LOCKED...
THE SHIP'S ON FIRE! GET OUT OF HERE AS FAST AS YOU CAN!
IT'S A TRICK! JANUS WOULDN'T SAVE ANYONE'S LIFE! I'M STAYING HERE!
ME TOO! BETTER THAT CHINESE FELLOW THAN JANUS THE KILLER!
JANUS DOESN'T STOP TO ARGUE...
WITH MY REPUTATION I SUPPOSE I CAN HARDLY BLAME THEM! BUT THERE'S STILL A CHANCE I CAN SAVE THEIR LIVES!
BUT IF IT FAILS I DIE WITH THEM!

JANUS OPERATES HIS GRAVITY ELIMINATOR AND STARTS TO RISE DIRECTLY UNDER THE AIRSHIP..
IF I ADJUST IT TO FULL POWER I MAY BE ABLE TO SLOW THE AIRSHIP'S DESCENT!

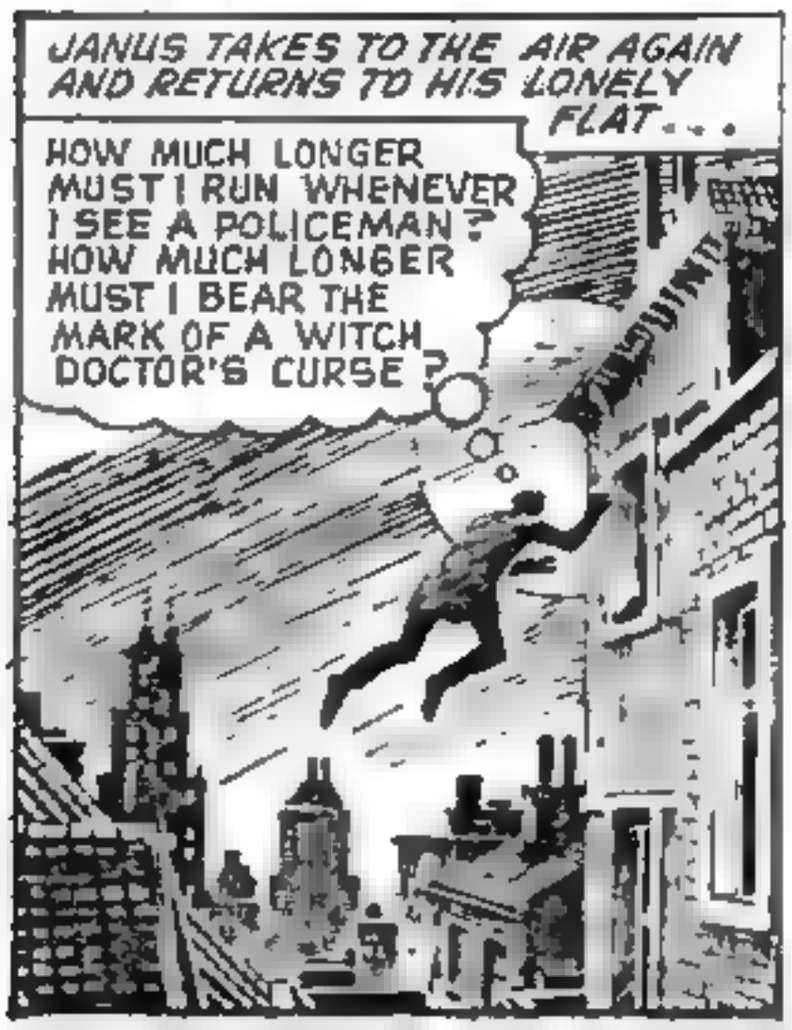
JANUS WAS RIGHT! THE SHIP IS ON FIRE!
WE'LL BE BURNT TO DEATH IF WE STAY! WHAT CAN WE DO?
WE DAREN'T JUMP FROM THIS HEIGHT!

MEANWHILE CHU SUN HAS RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS--AND THE PREMIERS' QUESTIONS ARE ECHOED..
MASTER, WE ARE GOING TO CRASH! WHAT CAN WE DO?
OUT OF MY WAY, FOOLS! YOU MUST LOOK AFTER YOUR OWN MISERABLE HIDES!

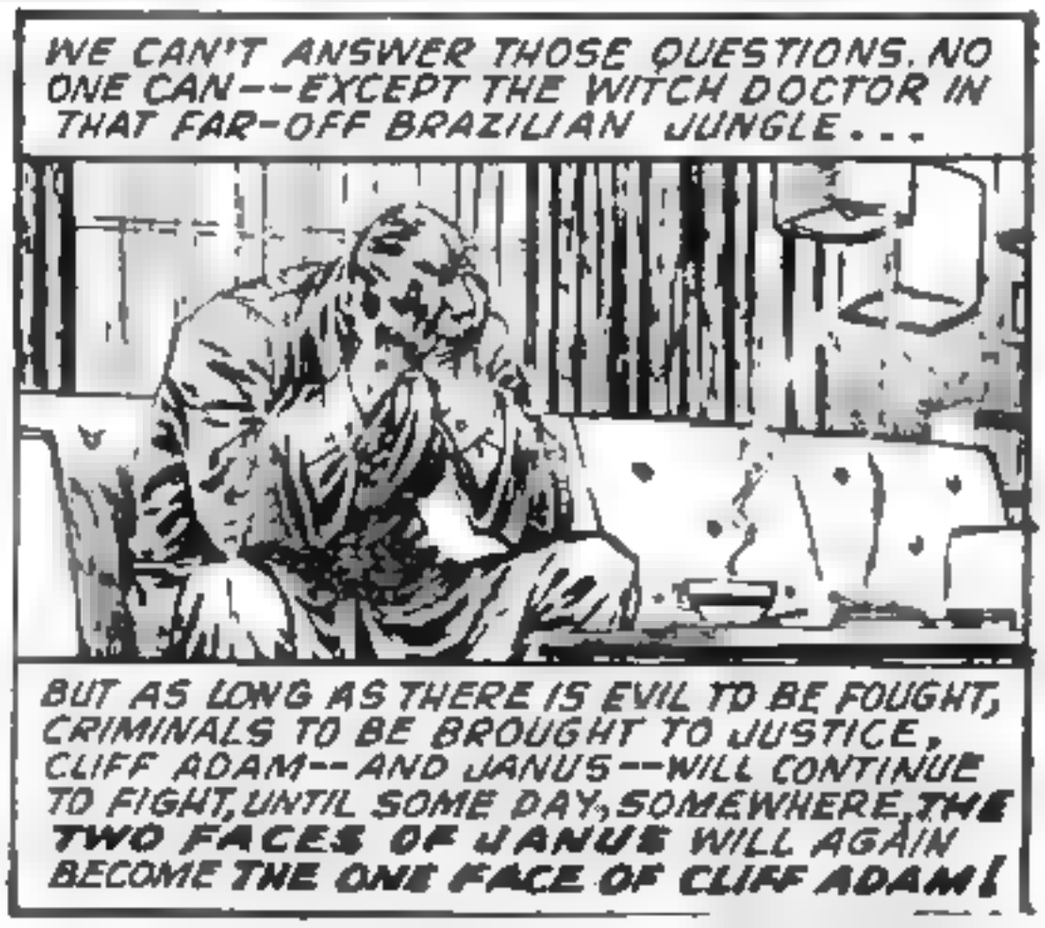
AND NOW TWO MEN TAKE TO THE AIR--DOCTOR CHU SUN, STRAPPED TO A JET-DRIVEN KITE, IS BENT ON HIS OWN ESCAPE. JANUS IS THINKING OF RESCUE...
JANUS HAS WRECKED MY WHOLE SCHEME! MY ONLY SATISFACTION IS THAT HE WILL PERISH IN THE FLAMES!
IT'S WORKING! IF MY POWER CAN LAST OUT, THE AIRSHIP WILL LAND WITH HARDLY A BUMP!

WITH THE FLAMES ALMOST LICKING AT HIS FACE, JANUS TOUCHES SOLID EARTH...
WE'RE SAFE! BY SOME MIRACLE THE AIRSHIP DIDN'T PLUNGE STRAIGHT INTO THE GROUND!
BUT I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY JANUS TRIED TO WARN US!

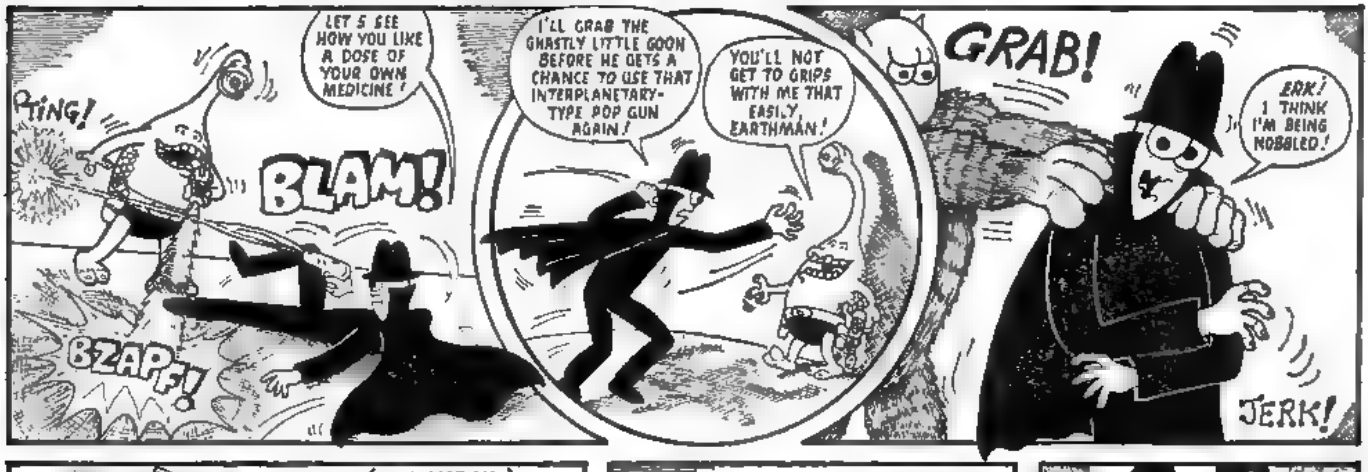
EVEN IF I TOLD THEM I DON'T SUPPOSE THEY'D BELIEVE ME! AND HERE COMES THE POLICE--THEY MUST HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING THE AIRSHIP BY RADAR.
THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF THE TONG LEADERS--AND OF ME UNLESS I DISAPPEAR PRETTY QUICKLY!

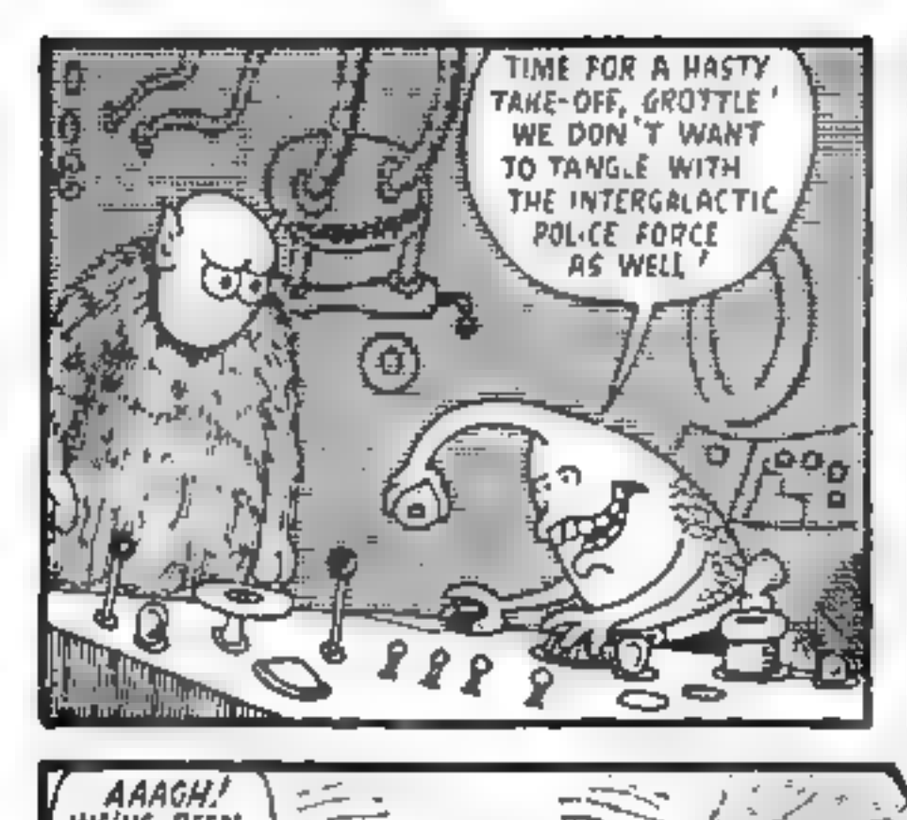

JANUS TAKES TO THE AIR AGAIN AND RETURNS TO HIS LONELY FLAT...
HOW MUCH LONGER MUST I RUN WHENEVER I SEE A POLICEMAN? HOW MUCH LONGER MUST I BEAR THE MARK OF A WITCH DOCTOR'S CURSE?

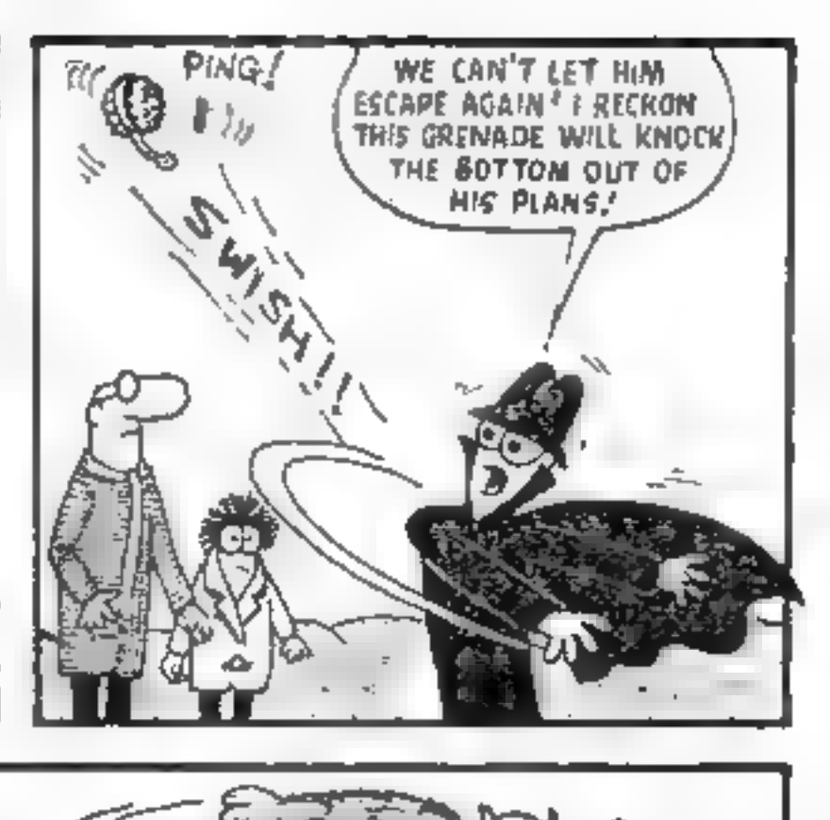
WHEN WILL THIS FACE OF CLIFF ADAM REALLY BE MINE AGAIN--INSTEAD OF A MERE MASK?

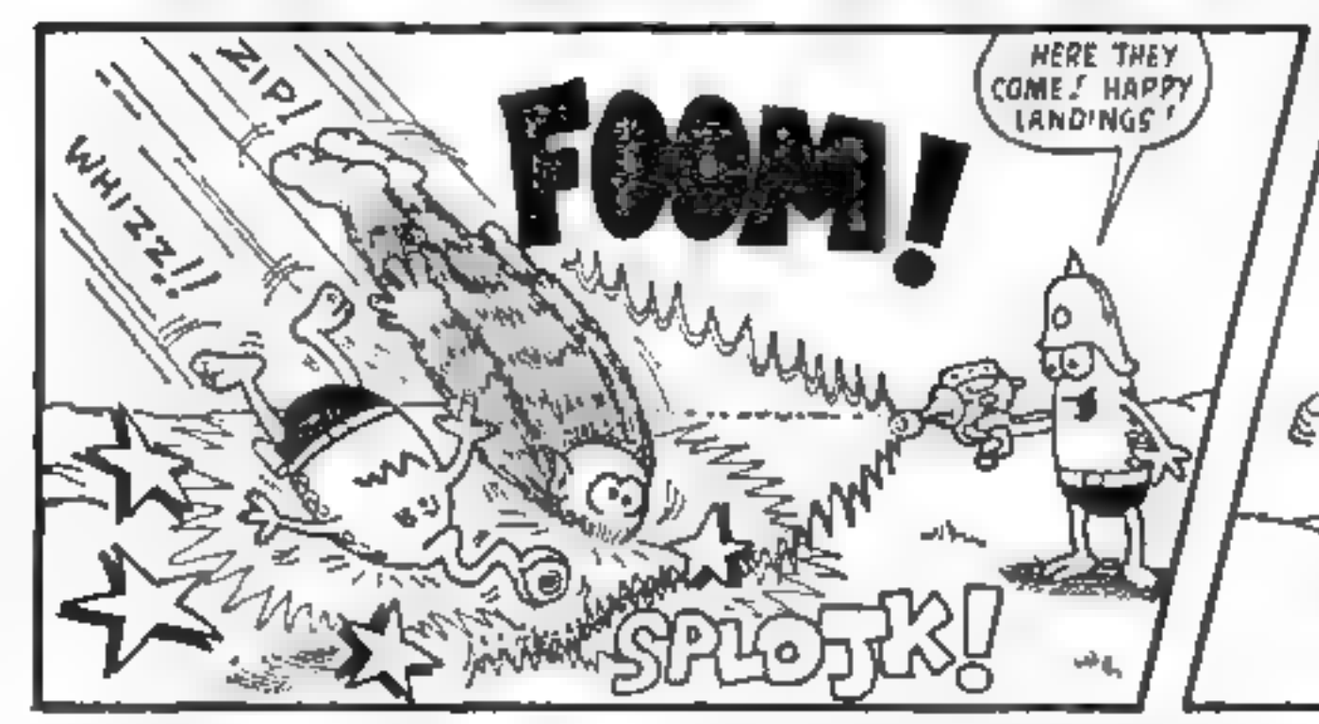

WE CAN'T ANSWER THOSE QUESTIONS. NO ONE CAN--EXCEPT THE WITCH DOCTOR IN THAT FAR-OFF BRAZILIAN JUNGLE...
BUT AS LONG AS THERE IS EVIL TO BE FOUGHT, CRIMINALS TO BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE, CLIFF ADAM--AND JANUS--WILL CONTINUE TO FIGHT, UNTIL SOME DAY, SOMEWHERE, THE TWO FACES OF JANUS WILL AGAIN BECOME THE ONE FACE OF CLIFF ADAM!

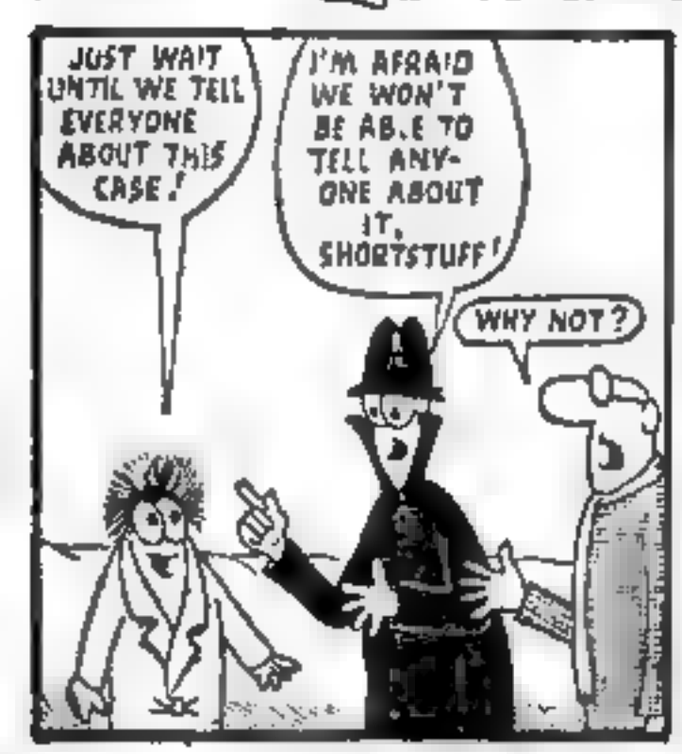
THE CLOAK VS THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE











TO MARK THE HYSTERICAL – ER – HISTORICAL OCCASION OF THE CLOAK'S MEETING WITH THE SPACE POLICE, WE DECIDED TO ISSUE THIS SPECIAL BADGE AS AN EXTRA BONUS FOR ALL YOU CRAZY CLOAK FANS! SIMPLY CUT IT OUT, PASTE TO STIFF CARD, TAPE A SAFETY PIN ON BACK AND WEAR ON YOUR LAPEL!

NOW...

...WE'VE TAKEN THE LID OFF THE BEST KEPT SECRET IN COMICDOM...

TWO GREAT COMICS IN ONE!

A POWER COMIC

SMASH! AND POW!

EVERY MONDAY 7d

YES, IT'S SMASH & POW TOGETHER IN ONE POWER PACKED PACKAGE!

CLOAK

D.D.

PENNY

THE NERVS

BRIAN'S BRAIN

SPIDERMAN

ROBIN

SUPERMAN

BATMAN

AQUAMAN

ALL THESE AND MORE!

MORE! MORE!

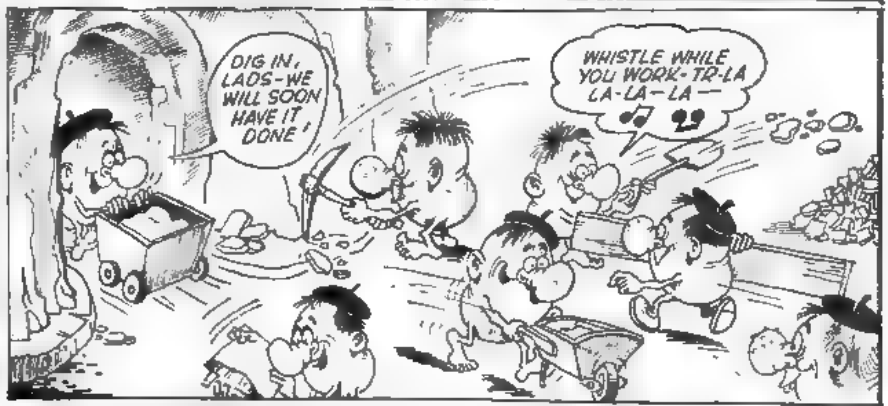
DON'T RISK MISSING YOUR COPY OF SMASH! AND POW! —

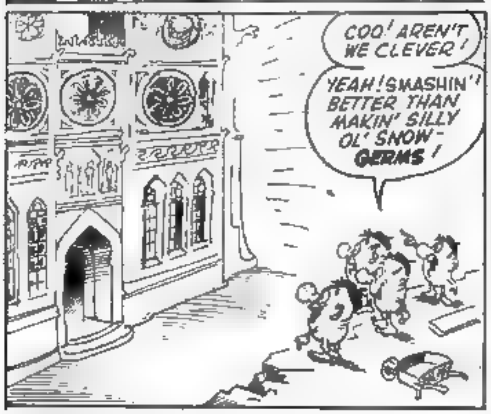
DASH ROUND TO YOUR NEWSAGENT'S...

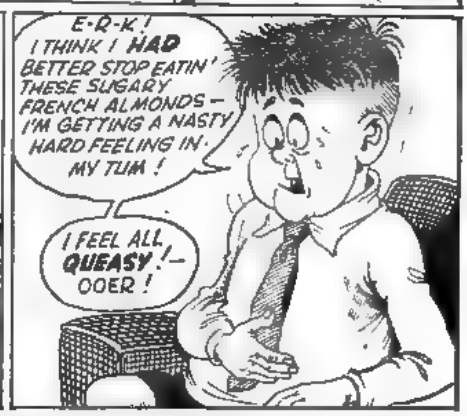
AND ORDER NEXT WEEK'S COPY NOW!

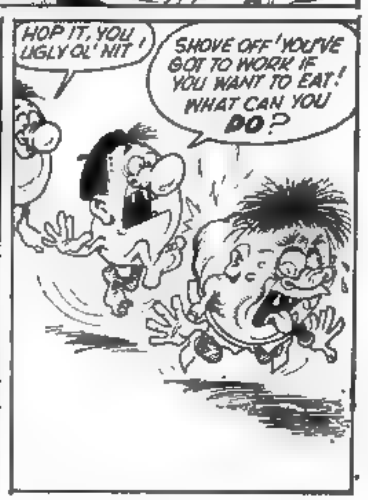
SOMETHING UNFORESEEN IS ALWAYS HAPPENING WHEN HE'S AROUND! —
WIZARD PRANG
IN
DEMON DRUID
— HE SPELLS TROUBLE FOR JUST ABOUT EVERYONE!
WIZ WAR!
HEE! HEE! HEE! THE LATEST CREATION FROM MY LAB! CHUCKLE — IT'S HORRIBLE!
BOIP! FIZZZZ! GLOIP! BURP!
NO! NO! IT'LL SOON BE READY!
GURGLE! GLOIP! BLOIP!
WHAM!
FIZZ!
EEK! IT'S GONE WRONG! ARGH! WHAT HAVE I DONE? — WHAT IS IT?
GULP!
YOO-HOO! DADDY!
D-DADDY?!? HELP!
DADDY! COME BACK!
HELP! SOMEBODY SAVE ME! I'VE BLUNDERED! WIZ! ENGLEBERT! ANYBODY! HELP!
DEMON DRUID LIVES HERE — SO WATCH IT!
? ERK!
ZOOM!
SOMEONE'S NICKED THE GROUND FROM UNDER MY TOOTSIES!
DADDY, COME BACK!
ALL RIGHT THEN — I'LL COME WITH YOU!
HELP!
DROP!
WHEEE!
HERE I AM!
CRUNCH!
DADDY!? DADDY? — GULP! —
— DADDY, SPEAK TO ME...
OOH!! — SHARUP!

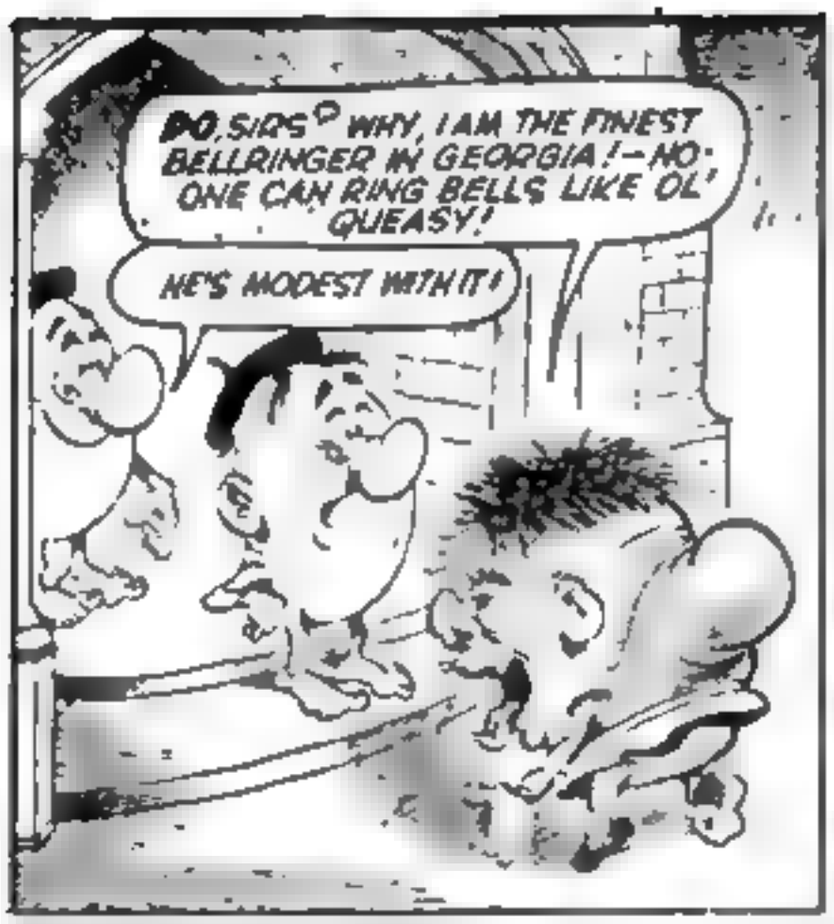
GEORGIE'S GERMS







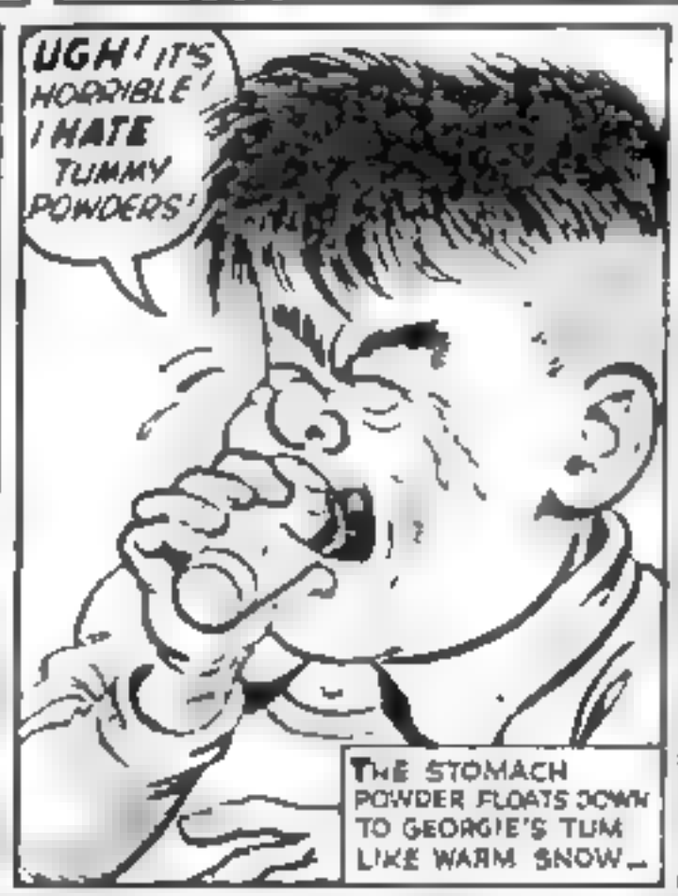


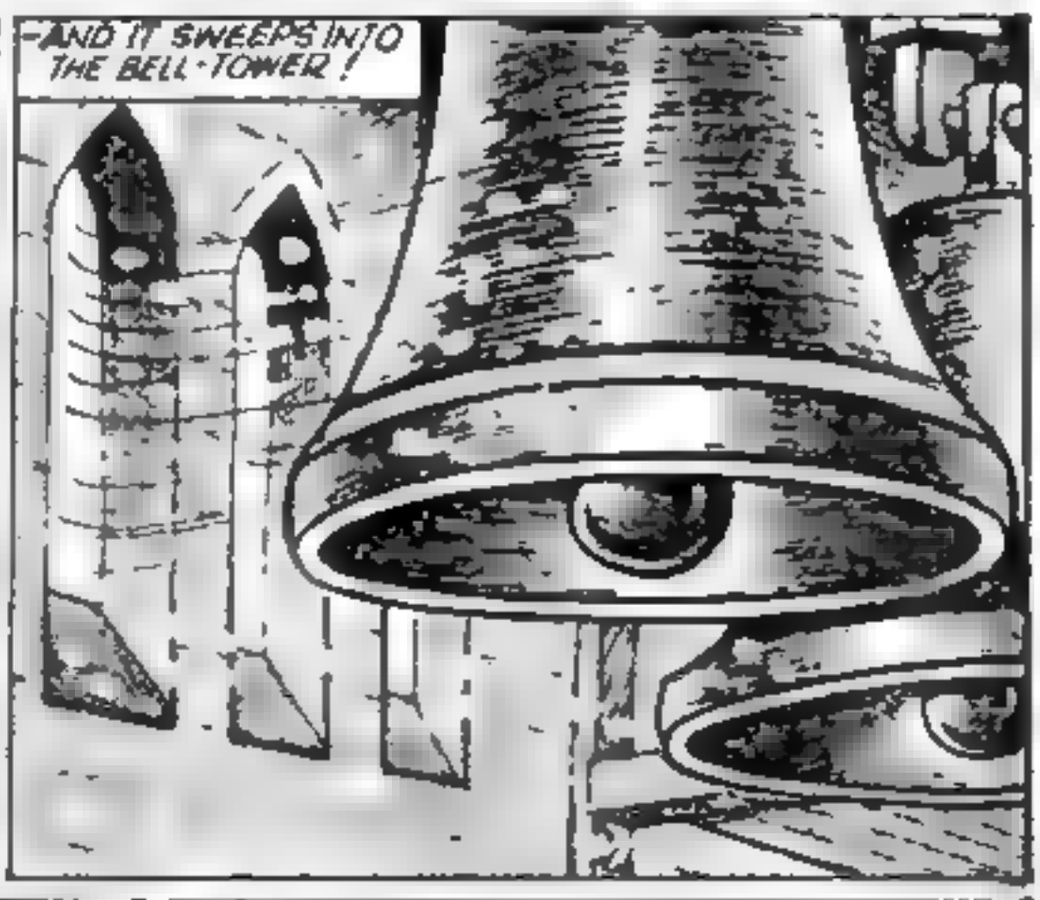

DO, SIRS? WHY, I AM THE FINEST BELLRINGER IN GEORGIA!—NO ONE CAN RING BELLS LIKE OL' QUEASY!
HE'S MODEST WITH IT!

GET UP THAT BELL-TOWER THEN! FROM NOW ON YOU WILL BE KNOWN AS THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE GERM!!
A THOUSAND THANKS, KIND SIRS!

HEH! HEH! HEH!
SO THE HUNCHBACK RINGS THE BELLS IN HIS PECULIAR WAY—BY JUMPING ON THEM!
DOING!

MUM! I'VE GOT A RINGING IN MY HEAD AND A BUMPING IN MY TUM!
HOLD ON—I'LL GET YOU A TUMMY POWDER!


UGH! IT'S HORRIBLE! I HATE TUMMY POWDERS!
THE STOMACH POWDER FLOATS DOWN TO GEORGIE'S TUM LIKE WARM SNOW...


—AND IT SWEEPS INTO THE BELL-TOWER!

TIME FOR A CHIME! ALL ABOARD! YAHOOO!

EEK! THE BELLS ARE COVERED IN SNOW! I'VE LOST MY GRIP!

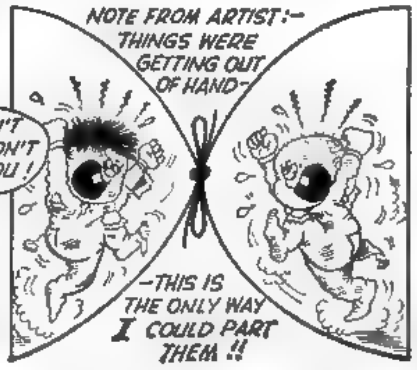
KUMP!
OW! WHAT A CARILLON...I MEAN, CARRY ON!
OOER!
OUF!

WAAH! LOOK WHAT THAT SUMMER SNOW HAS DONE TO OUR LOVELY CATHEDRAL!
IT'S ALL MELTING IT!!

GOSH!—THAT POWDER'S CURED THE DING-DONG IN MY TUM, MUM!
GOOD! NOW, REMEMBER, NO MORE OF THOSE FRENCH SUGARED ALMONDS!

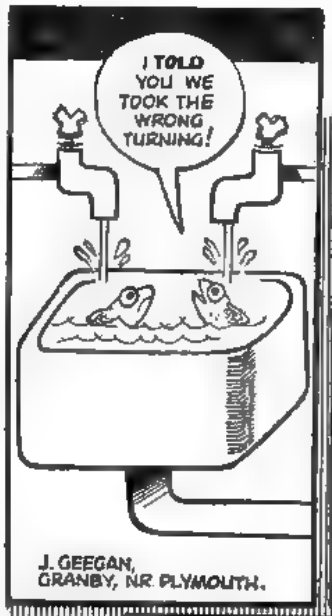
I WON'T SAY GOODBYE, READERS—JUST 'AU REVOIR'!—THE WAY OL' GEORGIE CARRIES ON, I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU DON'T SEE US GERMS AGAIN BEFORE LONG!

BABY WHAMSTER and BABY SMASHER!



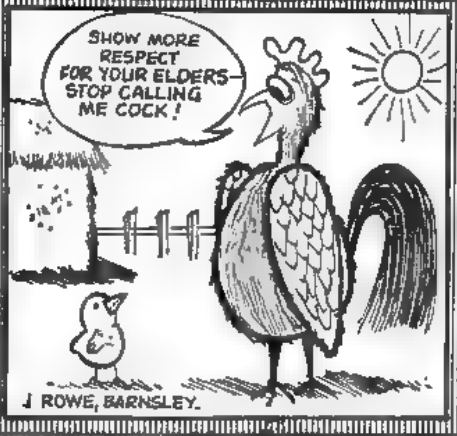
DON'T BE DOWN IN THE MOUTH...

GRIN AND DARE IT!

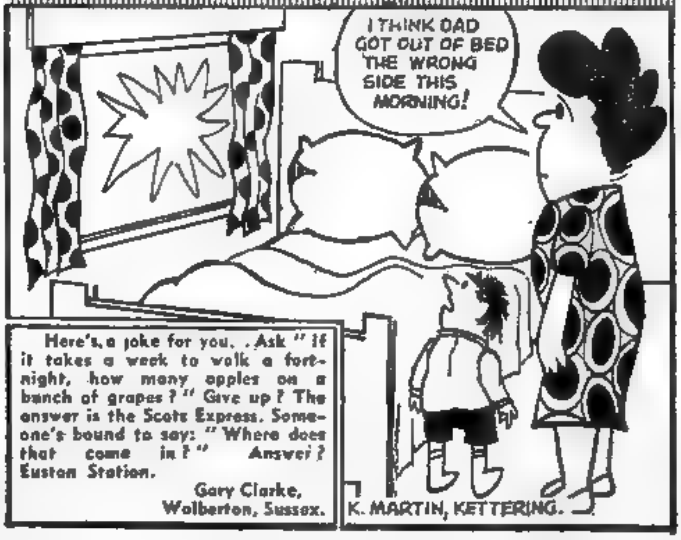


J. GEEGAN, GRANBY, NR. PLYMOUTH.

D LONG, WALLSEND



J ROWE, BARNSLEY.

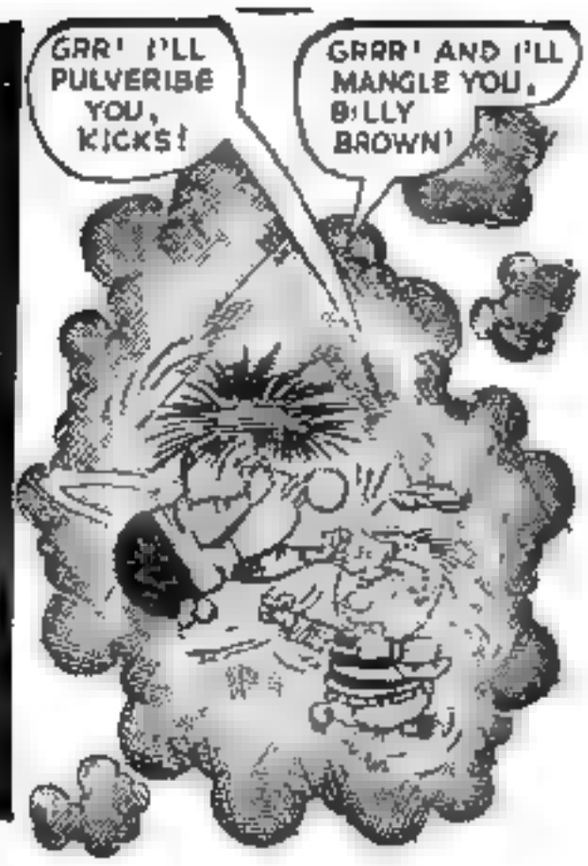


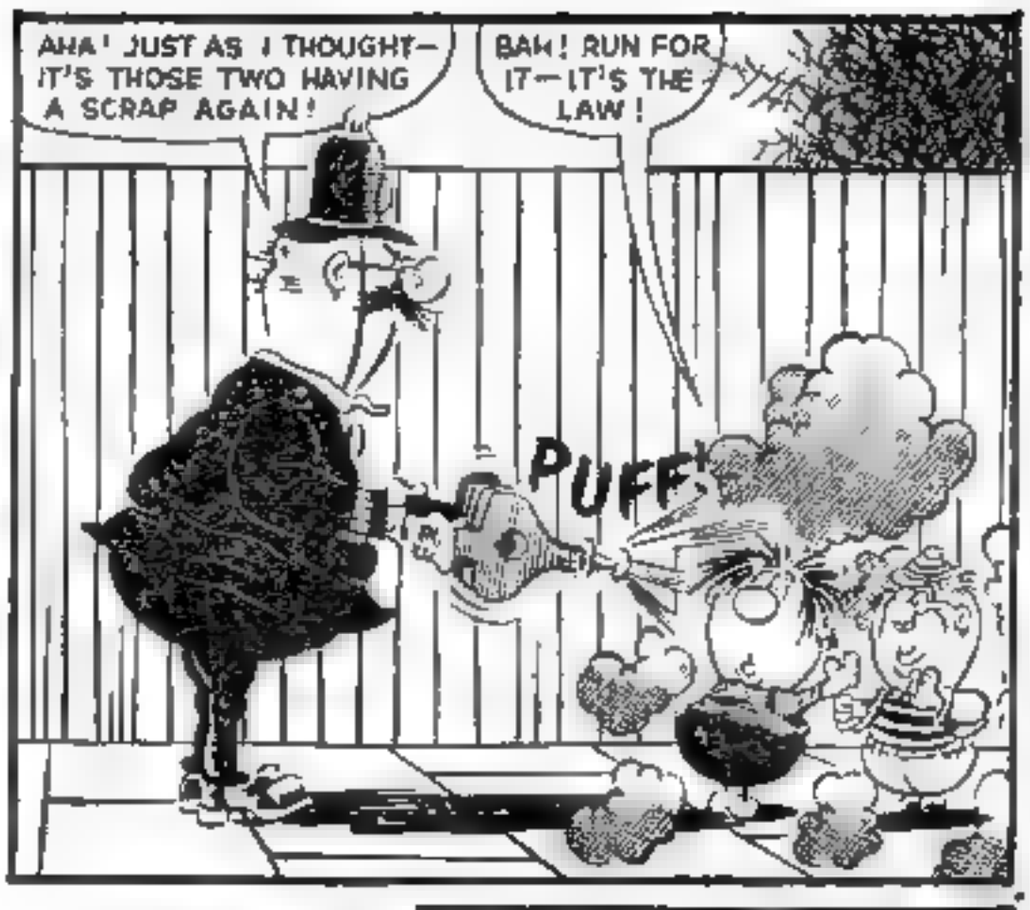
Here's a joke for you. . Ask " If it takes a week to walk a fortnight, how many apples on a bunch of grapes ? " Give up ? The answer is the Scots Express. Someone's bound to say: " Where does that come in ? " Answer ? Euston Station.

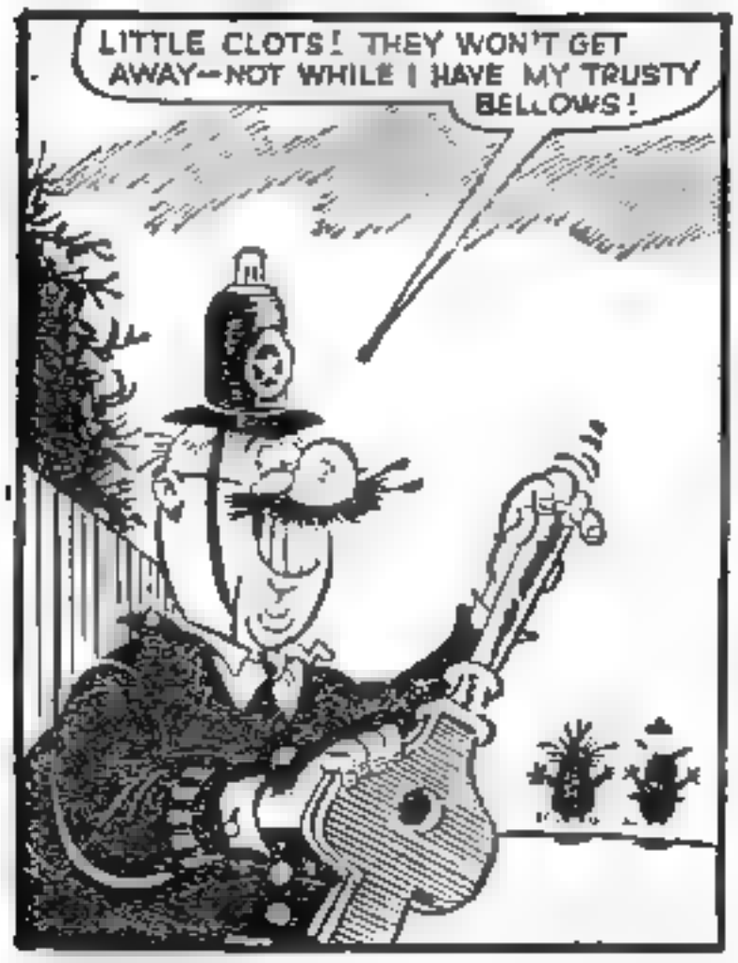
Gary Clarke,
Wolberton, Sussex.

K. MARTIN, KETTERING.

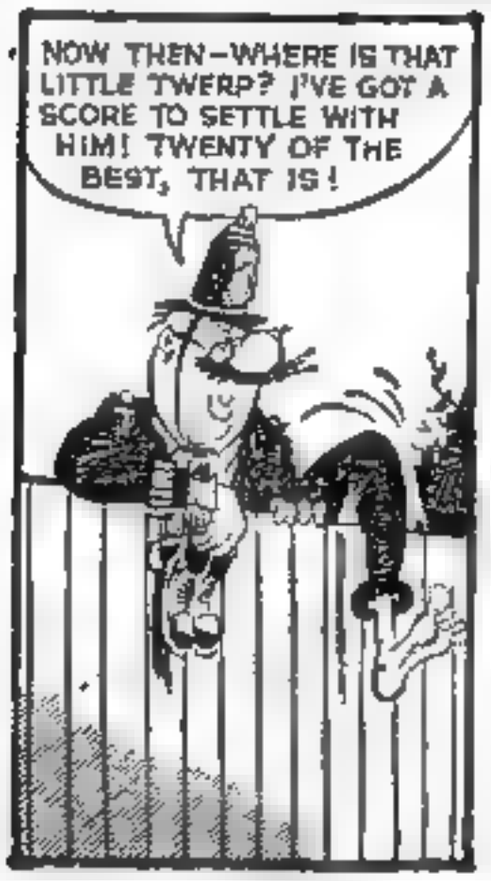
KICKS







WELL, BILLY'S GOT AWAY BUT IT LOOKS AS IF KICKS WILL HAVE TO FACE THE MUSIC—AND WHAT A FACE TO DO IT WITH!!!



Dare-a-day

DAVY

GULP! ALL I DID WAS PUT A POSTCARD FROM READER P. JOHNSTON INTO THE SCHIDSCOPE!

CLICK CLACK! BARRRRP! CHUG-A-CHUG HIC!

PHEEP

BURP!

HISS

BAM BAM BAM

-AN' IT'S GONE POTTY!

ERK! NO WONDER!

HEH, HEH, HEH! A NICE, SIMPLE DARE FOR 'E, LAD. STOW AWAY ON THE NEXT 'MOONSHOT'!

B-BUT-BUT!

P. JOHNSTON'S ROTTEN 'INNER SELF'

-ER-ER...! YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND, SIR!

NO! NO! YOU TWERP! ENGLAND HASN'T HAD A FIRST MOONSHOT YET, SO HOW CAN YOU STOW AWAY ON THE NEXT ONE?

TRANCE

POUF

ZIP

BUT IN DAVY'S LEFT LUG-HOLE HIS BAD-SELF "DAVE HYDE" LISTENS TO A NEWS ITEM ON RADIO LUGZENBERG...

-IN THE REMOTE SURREY VILLAGE OF FAINJONTOP, SIR EGBERT ENTWISTLE HAS JUST FINISHED HIS MOON PROBE ROCKET - TO BE POWERED BY THE SPECIAL FUEL HE HAS INVENTED! 'BLAST OFF' WILL TAKE PLACE THIS EVENING!

HEH, HEH, HEH!

NO BRITISH MOON PROBE EH?

CRACKLE BUZZZZ

DON'T LISTEN TO THIS TWERP DAVY! GET YOURSELF TO SURREY - AND INTO THE ROCKET, DUE TO LEAVE FOR THE MOON AT DUSK!

BASH

ERK!

WHIZZ

SUBMISSIVE DAZE

I HEAR AND OBEY, O MASTER!

-SURREY! HERE I COME!

AND SO AS DUSK BEGINS TO GATHER, OVER TO FAINJONTOP

STARTIN' THE COUNT-DOWN NOW, SIR EGBERT! TEN - NINE - EIGHT -

GOOD SHOW SIR THERS I'LL GIVE HER A LAST MINUTE SPRAY WITH DIS 'NFECTANT, SO SHE WON'T CONTAM NATE THE JOLLY OLD MOON WITH EARTH BUGS AND BEASTIES, WHAT!

I MUST BOARD ROCKET!

STILL EN TRANCED

STIFF SWISH

BAH! IT BE THEY NOO-FANGLED FERTILO ZERS! BUILD UP STARCH CONTENT IN TATERS, AND IT STIFFENS UP A HUMAN'S JOINTS NO END - AR'R!

A HEM! A BUG - OR BEASTIE - APPEARS TO BE HEADING YOUR WAY RIGHT NAH, YER LORDSHIP!

WHAT? BE OFF WITH YOU BOY! TAKE YOUR BLAWSTED DANDRUFF ELSEWHERE!

SHOOSH

ERK! -GLUB!

SPLOOSH

DETONATOR

PUSH PLUNGER FOR BLAST OFF

FIZZLE

YOWLK! WHAT'S THIS? ME TOGS ARE DISINTEGRATING!

FROTH

POUF

FIZZZZ

SIZZLE

BUBBLE

HELP! I'VE GOT TO WASH IT OFF BEFORE IT STARTS DISINTEGRATING ME! - GLUB!

STOP! THAT TANK DOESN'T CONTAIN WATER! I JUST USED IT TO MIX MY NEW-FORMULA ROCKET-FUEL IN, CONFOUND IT!

BLOOP

EMERGENCY WATER SUPPLY

ZOOM

THE COMBINATION OF ME X/23/ ROCKET FUEL AND MY PATENT CHEMICAL DISINFECTANT WILL GENERATE HIGHLY POWERFUL GASSES BOY!

EH? WASSAT?

RUMBLE BLOYZK

QUAKE

SHUDDER

I SAID.

SNAP HISSSS

A-HEM! -ER- TOO LATE Y LORDSHIP! THEY ALREADY 'AVE! IT WOULD APPEAR THAT OUR "FIRST" ON THE MOON PROJECT HAS 'APPENED!

NO! NO! I DON'T WANNA GO TO THE FLIPPIN' MOON! IT'S TRIPE AND ONIONS FOR TEA! GET ME DOWN! 'ELP!

AGH-H! THE BLITHERIN YOUNG BOUNDAH! HE'S BEATEN ME TO IT!

WHOOSHHH!

BOOM!

LATER - SOMEWHERE IN ORBIT

SOMEHOW I DON'T REKON I'LL BE BACK FOR NEXT WEEK! SEE YOU SOMETIME, READERS - I HOPE!

EMERGENCY WATER SUPPLY

THE Fantastic Four

BEHOLD, A DISTANT STAR!

THE F.F. ARE ON THE PLANET OF THE SKRULLS—SEEKING VENGEANCE FOR THE DEATH OF SUE'S FATHER. THEY ARE CAPTURED BY A SCHEMING SKRULL WARLORD —BUT AS THEY FIGHT FOR LIFE, THE SKRULL KING HIMSELF APPEARS AND DEMANDS TO KNOW WHAT IS GOING ON . . . .

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1968

SHE RAN INTO THE LINE OF FIRE--BEFORE I COULD STOP MY MEN!! ANELLE--MY CHILD!! WHAT HAVE I DONE TO YOU!!??
MAY THE GODS FORGIVE US!! OUR WEAPONS WERE SET! WE COULD NOT STAY OUR HANDS IN TIME!

BUT, THOUGH THE DEADLY BLASTS STRIKE THE EVIL MORRAT WITH FATAL EFFECT, THEY SEEM TO MIRACULOUSLY BE DEFLECTED BEFORE THEY CAN STRIKE THE WEEPING PRINCESS WHO IS DIRECTLY IN THE LINE OF FIRE!!
MORRAT!! MORRAT!! OH NO!! NO!
STAY BACK, MY PRINCESS! I HAVE FAILED!! IT IS BETTER THUS!! LIFE CAN HOLD NO--UNNHHHH--!

MY DAUGHTER LIVES!! SHE IS UNSCATHED!! IT IS A MIRACLE!
NOT QUITE, YOUR MAJESTY!

YOU HAVE THIS GIRL TO THANK FOR YOUR DAUGHTER'S LIFE! ANELLE WAS SAVED BY HER INVISIBLE FORCE FIELD!
WHAT?? I MUST BE GRATEFUL TO AN EARTHLING??!

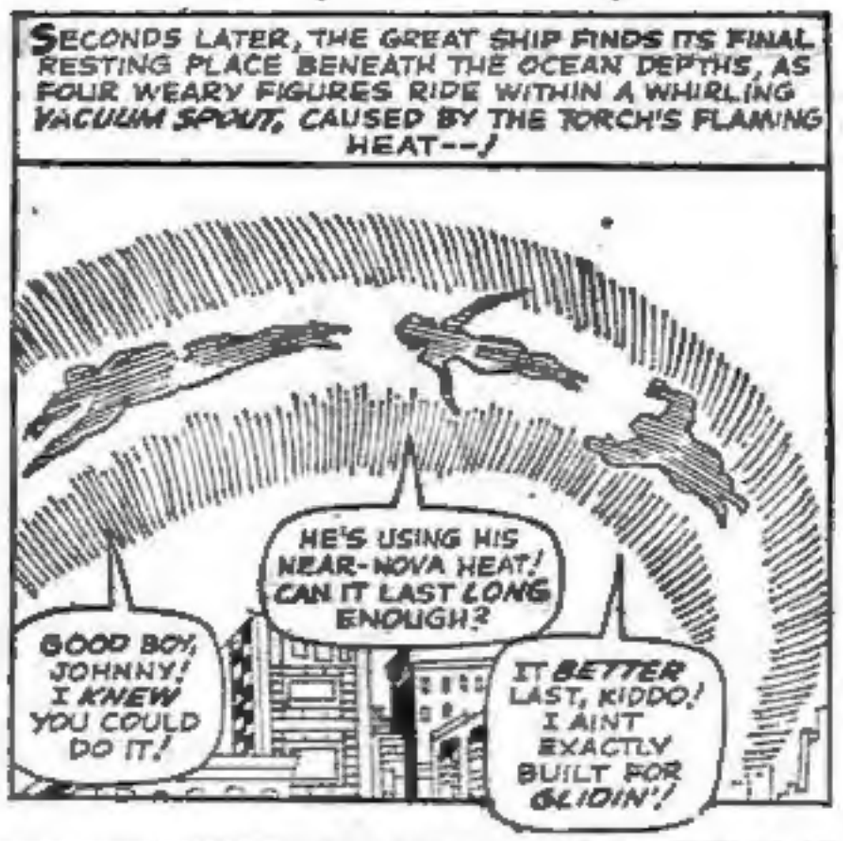
THOUGH THE VERY SIGHT OF YOU IS REPUGNANT TO MY EYES, YOU MAY ASK ANY BOON OF ME! YOU HAVE EARNED THE RIGHT!
THERE IS BUT ONE BOON YOU CAN GRANT! GIVE US THE SKRULL RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF THE PRISONER YOU RETURNED TO EARTH MANY MONTHS AGO!
FOR, THE VICTIM OF THAT INFAMOUS DEED WAS THIS GIRL'S FATHER!

THEN, I AM DOUBLY PLEASED AT THIS TURN OF EVENTS! THERE! THERE IS THE ONE YOU SEEK!
IT WAS EVIL MORRAT WHO PLANNED THE DECEPTION! MORRAT, THE TRAITOR!

AND NOW, MY DEBT TO YOU IS PAID! WITH THE SLAYING OF MORRAT, EARTH NEEDS FEAR THE SKRULLS NO LONGER!
IT WAS ME WHO CRAVED TO CONQUER EARTH! TO ME, YOU ARE ALIEN SAVAGES--YOU ARE BENEATH MY IMPERIAL NOTICE! NOW GO--WHILE YOU STILL MAY!

THAT'S THE BEST OFFER I HEARD ALL DAY! THOSE GUYS ARE FOR THE BIRDS!
NOW THAT IT'S OVER--I REALIZE REVENGE ISN'T SO SWEET, AFTER ALL--!
WE DID WHAT HAD TO BE DONE, DARLING! YOU MUST HAVE NO REGRETS!
THE PRINCESS SURE GOT THE SHORT END OF THE STICK! SHE'S CRYIN' HER EYES OUT!

IT'S A DIFFERENT GALAXY--WITH A DIFFERENT RACE OF LIVING BEINGS--AND YET--
IT SEEMS THAT AMBITION, AND HATE, AND LOVE, ARE THE SAME EVERYWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE!



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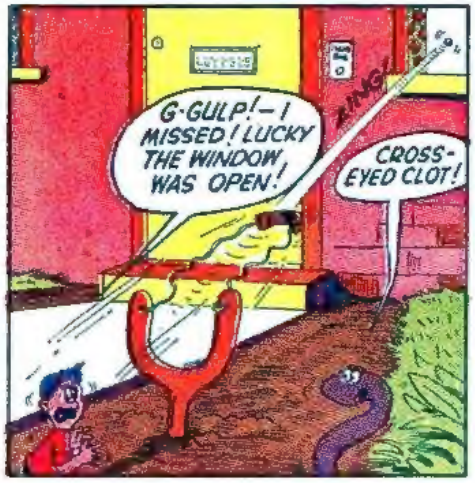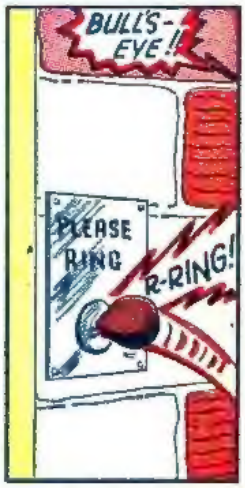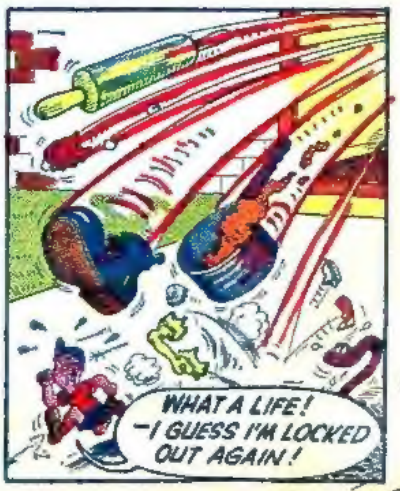
SAMMY SHRINK